

The SWORD of the LORD

Edited by JOHN R. RICE.

"And they cried, The Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." Judges 7:20

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Sowing and Reaping

BY EVANGELIST SAM MORRIS
Box 2478, San Antonio, Texas

(Preached Thursday night, July 31, 1941, Cedar Lake, Indiana. Stenographically reported for *The Sword of the Lord*.)

I am going to use an old text you have heard preached on many times:

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

"For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

"And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." — Galatians 6:7, 8.

Parents Reap Their Sins in Their Children

There are two or three things I want to say about that tonight. The law of the harvest is that the harvest is going to be according to the sowing. In the message last night we called your attention to the fact that Adam and Eve sowed the seed of rebellion inside the garden, and God put them out of the garden, then Cain was born, then Abel was born, and then in the due process of time Cain killed his brother Abel. You see, Adam and Eve sowed the seed inside the garden and Cain and Abel produced the harvest outside the garden. Mother and daddy planted the seed, the children produced the harvest.

Jacob, conniving with his mother, put sheep skin around his wrists and went in to his old blind father, Isaac, and posed as Esau and stole the blessing. Well, he went away and fell in love with a girl and served for her seven years. When he got ready to marry her, his father-in-law perpetrated a deceit on him, changed his girls, and he had to work seven more years for Rachel. He sowed the seed, he reaped the harvest. Years passed by and he had a number of sons. One was his choice son, Joseph, for whom he made a coat of many beautiful colors. And one day his brothers brought in the coat of many colors and said, "Joseph is dead. A wild beast has killed our brother, Joseph. Here is his coat." They had dipped it in the blood of a beast. "He is dead." They were lying to their father. They had sold Joseph down into Egypt. They were repaying Jacob for what he had sown many long years before. Jacob sowed the seed; his children produced the harvest.

David, that sweet singer of Is-

rael, one day was walking along the housetop and looked over and saw a woman bathing. You know how he felt, what he thought. Then he called that woman to him and committed adultery with her. It wasn't long until he saw that his sin was going to be found out. And when he saw that his sin was going to be found out, he called her husband from the army and made him drunk. David knew when a man gets his hide full of liquor, the next thing he wants is a woman. That is why the liquor traffic has one million, three hundred thousand young women serving as barmaids in the New Deal, Raw Deal, Old Deal, Repeal, Rotten Deal, booze dives in this country. And yet David's plan of covering up his sin by making this man drunk didn't carry. Then he wrote a letter and sent it to Joab, the general of his army by the hand of this man, and the man was killed and David took the woman to be his wife. He thought everything

was taken care of. If you will read the next two chapters in the Bible that follow that tragic story of David's sin of adultery and murder, you will read two of the blackest chapters in the Bible. David had two sons, Amnon and Absalom. He had a daughter named Tamar. Amnon was a half-brother to the girl. Amnon fell in love with his half-sister and he made out like he was sick, and he had her come to nurse him and wait on him. He arose and criminally assaulted and debauched and ruined his own half-sister. When young Absalom learned what Amnon had done, he got Amnon drunk and while Amnon was drunk, his half-brother, Absalom sheathed the sword in the heart of his half-brother. You see, David sowed the seed when he went across the threshold of another man's home. His children produced the harvest. David sowed the seed when he had the sword thrust into the heart of Bathsheba's husband, Uriah. His children produced the harvest when one son killed his half-brother.

My friend, listen to me tonight, America has been sowing some mighty bad seed in this nation. Walk down our streets, look on the newsstands in front of drug stores and the kind of literature you see there is read by church people, so-called Christian people. I have gone into homes, even the homes of Christian people and have seen the same salacious literature that I would see in the home of the ungodly. You are planting some mighty bad seed in your home for your children, and as surely as Almighty God sits in Heaven tonight,

(Continued on page two)

SLANDER

BY DR. BOB JONES
Bob Jones College, Cleveland, Tennessee

"If any offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body." That is what the Holy Spirit said through James in the 3rd chapter of the book he wrote. This statement we should know to be true even if it were not in the Bible. All of us know, if we stop to think, that our most difficult task is to control our tongues. The tongue is always getting us in trouble. Sam Jones used to say, "There are women with tongues so long they can sit in the parlor and lick the skillet in the kitchen." Some one else said, "She hangs her long tongue over the back fence and licks up all the garbage in her neighbors' back yards."

There is nothing today that is doing more to deaden the spiritual testimony of orthodox Christianity than the long, back-biting, mean tongues of some supposedly orthodox Christians. There are Christians that talk much about a separated life, and boast about what they do and do not do, and speak with great pride about their loyalty to orthodoxy, who spend their time dipping their tongues in the slime of slander and speaking the death warrant to the reputation of other orthodox Christians. The editor has often met Christian workers who have been slandered to him by other Christian workers. Then after knowing these slandered Christian workers, he has found them to be the loveliest Christian people in the world.

Years ago in a southern city an awful rumor was put out about a very popular and powerful minister of the Gospel. People believed the rumor. There was a split in the church. The minister's credentials were taken away from him. He was put out of his church. He was a sensitive, refined man. He could not face the public. He stayed at home, shut himself up most of the time in his own room. One day the man fell dead. His family physician said, "He died of a broken heart. He was a good man." A few days after he was dead, all the rumors were proved to be false. The scandal-mongers of his church and community will stand at the Judgment Bar of God guilty of the death of that man.

The Bible is filled with condemnation of people that slander other people. It condemns with great severity people who even take up a reproach about other people. It is just as bad to carry a rumor around after it starts as it is to start it. The man who takes slander out of the mouth of another into his own ears, then takes that slander out of his ears and puts it into his mouth and then pours it out of his mouth into some other person's ears, is just as mean and low-down as the man who poured the filth into his ears. The editor knows now a prominent Bible teacher who has slandered almost all the people with whom he (or she) has been associated. The edi-

(Continued on page four)

The Universal Verdict

BY OSWALD J. SMITH, D.D., LITT. D.
The People's Church, Toronto, Canada



DR. OSWALD J. SMITH

The Word of God is unmistakably clear; "the Scripture hath concluded all under sin" (Gal. 3:22); "that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God" (Rom. 3:19). "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way" (Isa. 53:6). "They are all under sin" (Rom. 3:9). "There is none righteous, no, not one" (Rom. 3:10). "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3:23).

So then, you have sinned, for since "all have sinned," you are included. God says "all," and there are no exceptions. Rich and poor, old and young, good and bad, white and black, king and subject, judge and criminal, master and servant — all are guilty before God, for "all have sinned." You may not believe it, but it is true nevertheless. And it is now my task to lay siege to your heart and so to speak that God the Holy Spirit may awaken your conscience and convince you that you are a lost and guilty sinner, justly deserving the wrath of a righteous and holy God.

Sinners by Nature

And first of all let me say that you are a sinner because you were born in sin. In other words you are a sinner by birth.

"Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for all have sinned" (Rom. 5:12). Sin was the cause, death the effect. Now the result of sin is death, universal. Therefore sin is universal.

"By one man's disobedience many were made sinners" (Rom. 5:19). And you, my friend, are one of the many, for all are sinners.

"Behold, I was shapen in iniquity," cried David, "and in sin did my mother conceive me" (Ps. 51:5). Hence man has been born in sin. He is a sinner by nature.

Sinners by Practice

In the second place, you are a sinner by practice. You have actually transgressed, and, therefore, you are guilty.

Omission

The fact is, men stand condemned by their sins of *Omission*, viz., that which they have failed to do. God has a certain standard by which He measures men's lives, a standard that we are all com-

manded to attain. To fall below that standard constitutes a sin of *Omission*. And the Word of God declares that "all have come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3:23).

Perfection or death is the demand of the Most High. His standard is Perfection. Then why argue? What is the use of one man comparing himself with another? You may be better than I am, but of what use is that? Suppose you are one of the best in the church, will that suffice? The one question is, Are you perfect? If not, then you have "come short;" you have fallen below the standard, you have missed the mark. And remember, God demands Perfection or Death. There is no alternative. And since Christ alone can be your Perfection, and thus far you have not made Him your Saviour, are you not guilty of the sin of *Omission*?

We read in God's Word that the two greatest commandments are these; "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself" (Luke 10:27). Have you done that? Did you ever hear of any one who has? And yet that, all of that, and nothing less than that, is God's requirement. To fail is to "come short," is to sin. Think of it — "heart, soul, strength, mind;" and "all" of each. "And thy neighbor as thyself" Who has? Can you tell me? And yet God demands that we love our neighbour as we love ourselves. And woe to all who "come short," for they are guilty of the sin of *Omission*!

And further: "Except your righteousness shall exceed the right-

(Continued on page three)

Hear John R. Rice Radio KVOO, Tulsa, 8:30 A. M. Weekdays

The editor will be the guest of Rev. T. Myron Webb on "The Bible Fellowship Hour" broadcast, at Tulsa, Oklahoma, and will be speaking in the church of which Brother Webb is pastor through the three weeks, March 7-28. Since KVOO has 50,000 watts power, readers of the *Sword of the Lord* in most of the states of the union will probably be able to hear it.

STATION: KVOO, TULSA.

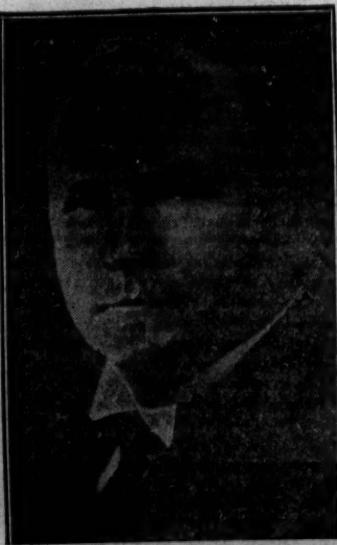
TIME: 8:30 a.m., 25 minutes daily on weekdays.

KILOCYCLES: 1170, or 117 on the dial.

If you listen in we should be glad to hear from you. In that case write Rev. Webb.



REV. SAM MORRIS



DR. BOB JONES

SOWING AND REAPING

(Continued from page one)

it will produce its harvest. Walk down the street, and look at the front of the picture shows. What do you see? You will see one of the biggest seed-sowing institutions in this world. I want to ask you, if a woman lived next door to you and associated with all kind of men, had all kind of callers, at any time of the night, had drunken parties, wild parties, and had been married to three or four men, what would you tell your children? You would tell them to stay away from there wouldn't you? You would tell them to let that woman alone. You would expect your boy and girl to go to the dogs associating with that woman. But you women and men will give your boys 35c or 50c to go see a picture on the screen of the same kind of folks. You say I am radical. Maybe I am, I am not losing any sleep over that. God did not call me to protect my radicalism but to warn men and women.

I am saying to you tonight, my friends, the reason we have such a great crime wave among youth in this country is because they have seen crime magnified on the screens of this country and suggested over radio programs night after night. We have sown the seed of rebellion against God, the seed of drunkenness, the seed of lust, the seed of divorce instead of the seed of righteousness. That is what we have been sowing among the youth of this country. They said the old saloon wouldn't come back. But they just changed the name on the front of the building, and now they call it a filling station, a grocery store, a barber shop, a meat market, a hamburger joint, dine-and-dance — call it anything you want to, but it is the same old thing called by another name. All up and down the country in America tonight the seed is being sown, not of spiritual enlightenment but of spiritual corruption. And America is reaping the harvest day after day. We have sown the seed of disregard for God's holy day. The church houses are empty, the bathing beach is full, the shows are full, and brother, they are not only full of old wicked unbaptized sinners, either. But men and women who have their names on the church rolls, who stand high in society and who have membership in the churches. But God's Word stands true, beloved, whatever you sow you are going to reap.

I call your attention to something else about it. When God forgives a man for his personal sins, he does not repeal the law of the harvest. Some folks have an idea, "I can sow all the bad seed I want to and then when I get ready, I'll ask God to forgive me and He will. Then my harvest of bad sowing will all be changed and it will be good harvest." That is not true. There is not one place in the Bible where you find that God agrees to repeal the law of the harvest when you give your heart to Him as a Christian. There is not a place where God says, "When you repent of your sin, I will change the harvest which you sowed while you were in sin." David is a concrete example. When Nathan talked with David, David knew of his sin and repented and prayed that great penitential prayer in the 51st division of the Psalms. And then beloved Nathan said, "The Lord hast put away thy sin. Thou shalt not die." But my friends, God didn't change the law of the harvest. His children went on producing the harvest after David repented. You may repent of your sin or your derelictions or your lack of fidelity, but the seed sown in that period of time when you were not staying true to God will produce that har-

vest beyond the day that you repent. There is a harvest in this world that comes from the sowing. That thing puzzled me for a long time. I would see men past middle life who loved God and went to church and all that and yet their children would be going to the devil. I couldn't understand it. It puzzled me. People would say, "Mr. and Mrs. So and So. They are as good people as I ever saw, but look at their boy. He is really a bad one." Many times a preacher, a minister, is a wonderful, masterful messenger of God, who lives a consecrated, devoted life for God, yet that man's boy may be out in sin, or his girl. People say, "How can you explain that?" So I found this in the Bible.

Let me see how a man lived back yonder before he became a Christian and I can explain why his boy is going to the dogs. A man's harvest is going to be reaped. Remember that.

Honest Preachers Must Warn of the Wages of Sin.

Of course, when a man preaches like I preach, it doesn't always make him the most popular preacher in the world. I was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Stamford, Texas, for six years. I was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Weatherford, Texas, two years and I have met ups and downs, ins and outs, overs and unders. I know how it goes. But beloved, we must come back to the hour when the man in the pulpit is God's messenger to the people. Frequently my preacher brethren say, "I can't afford to do that because of my official board; they wouldn't stand for it." I never got a message from my official board. God have mercy on preachers who would listen to a board instead of getting their messages from Heaven. And we've got to get back to that hour.

You know, I ran across a story in the 16th chapter of the book of Acts which is one of the most charming and yet up-to-date and interesting stories I ever read in my life. Paul and Silas were in Philippi. There a group of women were in a prayer meeting. Paul went out to the prayer meeting (prayer meetings are generally run by women). He went out there and talked with a very prominent woman, Lydia. She was converted and baptized. Paul and Silas stayed in her home. There was a fortune teller in that town. The Bible says she was a soothsayer, but what she really was, was a fortune-teller. A certain group of men had the girl under their control. She would tell fortunes and make money and they would get it. She kept following Paul and Silas and she said, "These men are the servants of the most high God, which shew unto us the way of salvation." Paul became aggravated, impatient, and turned to her and said, "I command thee in the name of Jesus Christ to come out of her." And the devil came out, and when the devil came out of her, it spoiled her being a fortune teller and she was no longer any account for that. That is one of the most interesting stories in the Bible. Listen, "when her masters saw that the hope of their gains was gone, they caught Paul and Silas, and drew them into the market-place unto the rulers. And brought them to the magistrates, saying, These men, being Jews, do exceedingly trouble our city, and teach customs, which are not lawful for us to receive, neither to observe, being Romans." The whole multitude was stirred up against them, and they laid stripes on their backs until the blood oozed from the skin. Do you know how I know? Later, the jailer took them at the midnight hour and washed their stripes. When did Hell break loose in Philippi? Not while they were back in the prayer meeting, not while they were talking about the deity of Christ, not while they were talking about the love of God, not while they were talking about the glorious second coming. (That is a blessed hope and I believe in all those doctrines, and these things have a place in the pulpit.) But do you know when these people took knowledge of Paul? I will tell you when it was. It was when Paul began to break into the crowd that were capitalizing off of the weaknesses of humanity. I tell you, the moment Paul broke into that money-mad

crowd, that moment, brother, Hell broke loose. They got interested in his ministry, they got interested in his preaching and they took up sticks and began to beat him and tried to run him out of town. Many times Paul had to leave between the suns.

A preacher can walk into the pulpit of Chicago, New York, Del Rio, or anywhere else and can stand there and preach about the unsearchable riches of Christ, can talk about Christ's love and mercy and the new birth until he turns black in the face, and the ungodly, gainsaying, racketeering world will pass by and it will never cause a dent on them. They will pay little attention. The saints will come along and listen to him and rejoice. But you let a preacher in Chicago or anywhere else walk into the pulpit and aim at the bunch of booze joints right in front of them, the pool halls right down the street, the dance halls right down the street — let him start aiming at the bunch of picture shows, — aim at the racketeering crowd, then that preacher will have something on his hands. It has been true since Philippi. God grant that America shall one day have gospel ministers in the churches over this country who have courage enough to walk out and face it and stand hatched. That is what America needs tonight worse than anything else in the world.

I was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Stamford, Texas, in 1933 when the prohibition repeal campaign first opened. I saw what liquor had done to men all around me. I started preaching against the liquor business. No man will ever get Sam Morris to vote for any public officer from tax collector to president if he is wet. I won't help put a man in office if he will help put my boy in a booze joint. And believe me, the feathers began to fly. It wasn't but a little while until the prominent bankers, chairman of the board of deacons, some big members in my church started kicking. I loaded my gun and kept shooting. Then I would re-load it and keep shooting. God opened the way for me to broadcast on the border. I would preach on Sunday at Stamford, then drive 350 miles down to the Mexican border, and drive back for Sunday and preach, then drive back to the border for the week, and back on Sunday to Stamford. They said, "We are going to have this preacher before the grand jury." So they called me before the grand jury. I was expecting it. I had a suit case full of information. I went before the grand jury and read stuff the city never dreamed existed in a little country town, and on men that they never dreamed about. Then they subpoenaed, bankers, lawyers, doctors, everybody else over there. We had dead wood on them, and talk about the heat; brother, it broke loose in that little community! There never was a man more cursed than Sam Morris in that community.

Finally, one night at the midnight hour my telephone rang, and the voice which came over it said, "You blank, blank, blank, I am coming up there and blow your brains out! It will be a God-send for me to rid the community of you, you blank, blank, blank!" And up went the telephone receiver. Was I scared? Of course I was scared. You bet your life! The only difference between a brave man and a coward is that the brave man won't admit it. When he hung up, I knew I had to do something. I had often wondered what I would do if I had to face a situation like this. I didn't hang up. I said, "Central, get that man back on the phone." I felt if I could keep him talking over the phone, he could not come and kill me. She got him on the line, but he cursed and hung up. I called him back, and he let out another line of oaths, and hung up. I called him again, and he hung up. I called him five times. I never was so crazy to talk to a man over the telephone in my life! Finally I said, "Judge" (he was a very prominent judge in the community. He was a wicked man. He drank, gambled, chased women, and had a big bet up in the election, and that's what made him mad. I told it and that's how it got out) — I said "Judge, you may come and kill me. What difference does it make whether I am living or dead? If I live I want to live for the Lord. If I die, I want to die for the Lord. I settled the dy-

ing question when I gave my heart to Jesus in a country school house back in east Texas. God may let you kill me. He let wicked men kill John the Baptist, James, Stephen and Paul. But my sincere belief is that God never let a wicked man kill His servant until He was through with their testimony.

Judge, my mother was an old hard-shell Baptist and she believed what is to be, will be, and I am sorta like her. I believe if He wants me to live, all the men and devils like you can't kill me. I had just as soon ride a bullet into Heaven as to go from a case of pneumonia from a hospital bed. I know where I am going. My ticket is already bought and paid for, with no return trip. It was paid for in Jesus' blood. If you kill me, I'll eat breakfast in Heaven in the morning. Come on down. I am not afraid. God called me to preach the Word and to lift up a testimony against wickedness in the town, and by the grace of God, I'll do it until He is through with me, until some one finds my body cold in my study. You will never see the day when Sam Morris wouldn't lift his voice against wickedness around him."

The old judge didn't hang up. I felt I was getting in on the blind side.

"Judge, come on up to the church study. The door is open. Let's get down on our knees and have a word of prayer. You are a wicked man. You know you need to get right with God, you know you need to be forgiven instead of trying to kill me."

He didn't hang up. There was a silence. I kept on.

"Judge, let's pray together, and ask God to make you the kind of man your mother always wanted you to be."

He broke down over the telephone and said, "I've got one of the best mothers who ever lived. I bought her a brand new radio for Christmas. It cost me \$75.00, and she hears you every night on the radio and thinks you are the greatest preacher in the world."

I knew he wouldn't kill me that night! The next morning we got down on our knees together in prayer and he said,

"Brother Sam, I want you to forgive me." He said, "If the preachers in America would all stand in the pulpit and fight sin like you fight it, it would mean something to belong to the church, and wicked men would have some respect for the people who call themselves Christians."

Brother, you can't fool this wicked world.

I kept fighting and praying and every Sunday night the church would be packed, balconies and all, with hard sinners in the audience. I would preach and God would save them. I baptized three generations at one time; a grandfather, a mother, and a grandson. Brother, I say to you that if churches all over this country would go to standing against wickedness around us, we would find old red-boned sinners waiting at the church house to find out what was going on. I baptized every first Sunday night that I lived in Stamford for six years. Men did bemean me; I did have enemies, as any man who stands for God will.

Another man walked the streets and bemeaned me, and had everything to say about me. I would preach on Sunday and go down to the radio station. As I stepped out of the radio studios one night after broadcasting, the telephone rang and I took the receiver off the hook: "Brother Morris, can you come home for a funeral tomorrow?"

I said, "I will have to drive all night."

"There was a man killed in a beer joint over in Haskell county. (My county was Jones County. We kept it voted out of there). The family wants you to direct the funeral."

It never dawned on me to ask who it was. I put some of my things in a hand bag, jumped in the Ford car and started out down the highway, 350 miles. I drove through that darkness. There was one stretch that for ninety-four miles there was only one filling station. It was a barren country, with big rashes and cattle. Away on in the early hours of the morning as I rode, I thought, "I don't know who I am going to bury, but somebody had a loved one who is now dead, somebody needed the

grace of God pointed out to them by a grave side. What difference does it make who it was?" I got in the next day and the casket was lying there, holding the body of a man thirty-five years old, survived by his father, mother, three sisters, his wife and three little children.

Here is the story. Out in a beer joint the night before a man had walked up to a car where a woman was sitting. Her husband was in dancing. When her husband came out, she said to him, "This man has insulted me." Personally, I haven't been able to figure it out. I can't see how a woman who hung around a beer joint could be insulted. If what she sees, smells, witnesses at the beer joint doesn't insult her, God have mercy on any man who could insult her. Her husband took the claw hammer and knocked him in the head and beat his brains out, then dragged the body around behind the beer joint, and dumped it in among tin cans, and went back and danced until the sheriff came and arrested him. The undertaker came and pulled the body out, and cleaned it up and put it in the casket. The family was crying. The undertaker said, "Who do you want to conduct the funeral?" They were weeping but finally got enough under control and the father said, "We want the pastor of the First Baptist Church, Rev. Sam Morris, to conduct the funeral."

The undertaker said, "Brother Morris is down on the border and he will have to travel all night to make it." And the man broke down across the casket, and while tears fell down his cheeks, the father said, "Brother Morris has been right and if I had fought with him, my boy would have been alive instead of dead. He is the only man in this town that has fought the liquor business and he is the one to bury my boy." That father was the man who criticized me, but when the liquor crowd killed his boy, he came to me to bury him.

Brother, you can't put anything over on God. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." That means you can't put anything over on God. Whatever a man sows, that he is sure to reap.

Adam and Eve sowed rebellion and they reaped a dead son. Jacob sowed deception and he reaped deception. David sowed lust and murder and he reaped lust and murder. And if you, as one of God's children, lift no voice against the sinful things around you on every hand and expect your boy or girl to grow up in all these surroundings of gambling, drinking, lust, sin and shame and lift no protest against it, if you think your good, clean life will be so inspiring that your boy won't fall for sin, Brother, you are in for one of the most tragic awakenings anybody ever had in this world.

I want to say now, you don't have to agree with Sam Morris, you don't have to pray for me, you don't have to give your heart to Christ, you don't have to live like a man or a woman is supposed to live. But listen, if you compromise, if you pussyfoot and live a namby-pamby life and don't stand against sin, and your boy turns out to be a drunkard and goes down in somebody's beer joint and is killed, don't blame Sam Morris, don't fall out with the church and say the church failed. Don't curse the preachers. You get on your knees back there by your ruined boy in the old beer joint and say, "God Almighty, you put me in the world as a light to shine in the world of darkness. I didn't fight sin. I have been sitting around with folded hands." You will be just like David who wept over his ruined girl, wept over his boy's dead body — "I can't bring him back again." All the crying, weeping, praying, all the begging of churches to pray for you after your boy is ruined, won't save your boy. It is too late then.

Neighbor, listen to me tonight. If you don't want to live for God and stand as a light in a darkened world and fight the devil on every corner and stand against the things that are wicked, wrong and ruinous in your community, you can go the other way. God won't force you to. You can live a pussy-footing life. If your girl turns out to be immodest, sucks cigarettes, drinks cocktails and booze — don't jump on the W.C.T.U., don't be (Continued on page three)

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SOWING AND REAPING

(Continued from page two)

mean the Anti-Saloon League, and say that our churches have failed. You get on your knees back there in the room and say, "Oh God, there is wickedness all around me and I didn't do anything about it. I kept quiet. I was afraid I would hurt somebody's feelings or somebody wouldn't like me." We can't save a city that way.

My stock is going down low tonight but that is all right with me. When I opened my fight on the liquor question out yonder in Stamford, Texas, a member of my church, secretary of a hospital, formerly a cashier in a bank, with a nice lovely home, a beautiful wife, and two girls — I went out to talk to him one day and I said, "I understand you have been drinking. I am your pastor. I owe it to you to warn you of the spiritual danger." (God have mercy on a preacher who won't be honest with his members when he knows they are doing that which is wrong. Brother, whether they agree with you or not, you are obligated to God. Paul, writing to young Timothy, said, "Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke." There must be the hour when a preacher will get in the pulpit and rebuke his members.) This man became rather angry and said I was sticking my nose into his belongings. It was his business of he wanted to drink. It was my business to get in the pulpit and preach the gospel and stay off politics. That was in 1934 soon after the repeal. He was very angry about it. About 1939 he had become such a drunkard that he lost his job and could not secure another one. His wife had a nervous breakdown. He committed suicide.

Brother, my Bible says, "Whosoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

I am glad I am a Christian. If there were no hereafter, no heaven, no hell, no judgment, no eternity, I would still want to live the kind of a life a Christian man or woman is supposed to live. I would still want to fight the things that are wrong and stand for the things that are right. I want to sow the seeds of goodness. I want to sow the seeds of opposition to the sins and rebellion around me.

God wants us to get up and fight. The apostle Paul was run out of every town he preached in. He was a hell-raiser. He would go into a town and it wouldn't be three days until the biggest fight you ever heard of would break loose. You read your Bible and you will find Paul was run out between suns a lot of times. Oh, may God give us Christian men and women again in our churches and in this country that will take their stand for God, and if it brings down wrath on somebody, they will still stand for God.

A Widow Who Did Not Have to Reap Her Sins in Her Children

My mother washed for a living in Childress, Texas. There was a little old freckled faced boy in our

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THE UNIVERSAL VERDICT

(Continued from page one)

community. He had a matchless personality, he was witty and charming, but he smoked and cursed. One day brother and I were playing with him in our front yard. We were having the time of our life. Mother came out on the porch and said, "Say, aren't you the little boy that smokes and curses and tells filthy stories?"

My brother and I knew that mother had that boy's number. He did, too. He didn't make any reply. He just sat there. Mother said, "Son, you will have to leave. I don't allow my boys to play with boys like you. If you will quit smoking and cursing and quit telling ugly stories, you can come and play with the boys all you want to, but I won't allow my boys to associate with that kind of boys."

My brother and I said, "Mamma, please don't run him off."

"Hush up. I will spank you."

Brother, we hushed. That little boy went off down the street where he lived a few blocks away, and by the time he had gotten within a half block of his house, he was crying to the top of his voice and everybody in the community was hearing him. His mother ran out to find what was wrong.

"That old widow Morris up there ran me off. She won't let me play with her kids."

The mother took him in her arms and cuddled him up. Pretty soon she went across the street and said to a neighbor, "That old widow Morris up there takes in washing and she thinks her kids are so good, she ran my boy off." Then she went across the street to another house, and it got all around the community. Pretty soon a woman came running in the back door and mother was in the kitchen ironing.

"Mrs. Morris, I don't mean to tell things out of school or anything like that, but I feel like something is going around in this community you ought to know about. The thing is pretty bad but I know it isn't so, and I feel like I ought to tell you about it."

Mother stopped and said, "What is it?"

"Mrs. So and So over here has just been telling the neighbors that you ran her little boy off and wouldn't let him stay and play with Roy and Sam. I told them I knew it wasn't so, I knew you was not that kind of a woman, that you wouldn't run her boy off."

I was standing there just a little boy about seven years old. Mother was on the spot. What was she going to do? Never shall I forget it, praise God. My mother took hold of the iron she had been ironing with and put her finger to her mouth, then to the iron to see how hot it was. She set it down and turned around and looked that woman straight in the face and said, "What that woman said is so and it was not only so that time but it will be so the next time. If that woman doesn't want me to run her boy off, she had better teach her boy not to curse and smoke and tell filthy stories. I am a mother. I am a widow. I do wash for a living. We don't have very good clothes. I have three little children. But I love God and I want my boys to love God and live clean and I don't want them to run with everything in the community and take up all their bad habits. You go back and tell that woman if she will make her children behave themselves and quit smoking and telling dirty stories, they can come over here and play with my children. But as long as she turns them loose to go to the devil, she can't expect my children to play with them."

I laid my mother away a little more than a month ago. I sat by her bedside a few hours before she breathed her last breath and I told her how much I appreciated her. I didn't understand it all as a little boy, but I know that was one of the greatest things mother ever did for me. Oh men and women, listen to me, have you a boy or girl or a loved one God has entrusted to you, don't be a spineless, weak-kneed Christian. Have some convictions, stand for God, save your baby. Let the world go to the devil if it must, but don't send your children along with it just because you didn't have courage to stand for the things God wants you to stand for.

Successful Campaign At Roanoke, Va., Closes

A crowd estimated at 1,500 attended the closing service of the united revival campaign at Roanoke, Va., where the editor preached for three weeks. There were about twenty-four public professions of faith in Christ in that one service, and we suppose there were more than a hundred, perhaps 130 in the campaign, besides those who made profession on the opening day of the campaign when Rev. Percy Crawford preached afternoon and night.

Some of the happy conversions were of remarkable cases. A man who had managed a cheap hotel, after the hotel was leased for use with the new rescue mission of which Rev. Jack Paskell is the superintendent, was won to the Lord by Brother Paskell. He had been nominally a Greek Catholic but said he had lived a wicked, sinful life. "Oh, if I had only taken time when I was young to find salvation for my poor soul!" He had a Greek Testament and there in the hotel Brother Paskell soon won him to Christ.

One man, fifty-seven, who was saved in the services told me, "I

life. Have you not known a husband to be so jealous of his wife that he could not bear to have another speak to her? Did you ever hear of a choir soloist getting jealous because someone else was asked to sing? Are you not acquainted with girls who have become jealous and broken up life-long friendships simply because another has entered the circle? Someone is honoured, someone noticed, and immediately the other becomes jealous. And the injunction, "in honour preferring one another" (Rom. 12:10), is reversed, and reads, "in honour preferring oneself." Oh, the bitterness of sin!

Gossip

Possibly it may be the sin of gossip. And let me say that he who blasts a man's character by spreading tales about him is one of the lowest tools the Devil has.

Character is man's greatest possession; and the slanderer who would rob him of it deserves the full penalty of the law. A story always grows in the telling, and he who trades in slander trades in lies. God's Word is very definite; it says: "Refuse profane and old wives' fables" (I Tim. 4:7); and of gossipers, that "they learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house, and not only idle, but tattlers also and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not" (I Tim. 5:13). There are some who are always looking for the bad in others; their eyes are blind to the good qualities. They forget that people are much alike, that if one has faults, others have also. A mote in my brother's eye often means a beam in my own, though it is easier somehow to see the mote than the beam. Oh, if we could only remember that men and women are human and finite, and that poor, weak humanity is far from perfect, how much better it would be!

Falsehood

Then, too, there is the sin of falsehood. A deceitful person can never be trusted. We often hear people speak of "white lies." There are no "white lies;" they are all black; they originate in Hell. "The Devil is a liar and the father of it" (John 8:44). A lie is a lie and nothing less. There is no situation under which lying can be justified. You can't make a wrong right. Rather suffer death than stain your character with falsehood. A lie means to deceive, and whether you accomplish it by word or act, it is equally wrong. And let us beware of exaggeration, for it springs from the same root.

Malice

And there is also the sin of malice. No man can be happy who nurses a grudge; he is carrying murder in his heart. Hatred is the father of murder, and the man who murders is the man who has cherished it too long. It is like a red-hot iron, better left alone; some day it will burn. It dries up the heart and makes a man hard and unbrotherly. Retaliation is barbarism, revenge devilish; for the man who says he wants to get

(Continued on page four)

have been wanting to get this settled for sixteen years."

In one service twenty-seven stood to make public confession that they were convicted that they ought to give up attendance to the movies and by God's grace would do so. A great number in the same service confessed their sin in dancing and renounced it. Many started out to read the Bible through in a year, and in one service twenty-five or thirty men stood first, followed by their families, vowing to start the family altar and whole-hearted Christian family life.

Although the campaign was planned by a small group of men from three or four churches, with the official cooperation of the Jefferson Street Baptist Church, eventually other churches gave up all evening services and came in officially and a dozen pastors were very kindly and cooperative. It was my joy to preach in Jefferson Street Baptist Church with Rev. John Cober, pastor; in the First Baptist Church with Dr. Walter P. Binns, pastor; in the Tazewell Avenue Methodist Church, and in the Ghent Brethren Church, Rev. Herman W. Koontz, pastor.

I was forced to turn down other invitations for lack of time. Dr. O. B. Newton, pastor of a large Methodist church was very cordial and in warmest sympathy with the meetings. Other pastors were present every night but my faulty memory does not recall the names and churches of all.

The revival was a gracious refreshing from God. We believe it had a very noticeable effect on the whole city of Roanoke. Evangelist Fred Garland and Dr. Martin were moving spirits in promoting the campaign and it was a great blessing to have fellowship with them in winning souls.

Pastor Commends Young Evangelist

To all who have a passion for the lost:

It was our happy privilege to enjoy the evangelistic preaching of Brother John L. Bray of *The Sword of the Lord* staff February 14, both morning and evening, at the Wasco Baptist Church. The blessing of the Lord was wonderfully felt in both services, and as a result of his soul-stirring messages the church is preparing for evangelistic services in the near future. Brother Bray is an earnest, humble, inspiring young preacher with a real message. May I recommend him to all churches desiring to see souls saved and Christians set on fire for the Lord?

Yours because of Calvary,
Rev. Harold R. Elliott
Pastor of Wasco Baptist Church
Wasco, Illinois

Rev. John L. Bray may be addressed at *The Sword of the Lord* office, 145 North Hale Street, Wheaton, Illinois.

A CORRECTION

The February 5th issue of *The Sword of the Lord*, in the article, "Moody Monthly Praises Prayer Book," stated:

"In the September issue of Moody Monthly Dr. Max I. Reich of the faculty of Moody Bible Institute, has an enthusiastic review of the editor's new book, *PRAYER — Asking and Receiving*."

The review was in the February, 1943, issue of *Moody Monthly*, and not in the September issue.

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THE UNIVERSAL VERDICT

(Continued from page three)

even with some scoundrel who has done him an injury really means that he wants to be a scoundrel too. Oh, my friends, life is far too brief to hold grudges, far too short to hate! Let us be magnanimous; forgive and forget for, "if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses" (Matt. 6:15).

Hypocrisy

And what shall I say about the sin of hypocrisy? Consistency is God-like; hypocrisy is devil-like. A hypocrite is not what he would like people to think he is. He comes in wearing another man's coat. He lives a double life; he is one thing in private and another in public; a saint at church and a demon at home. He is like a rotten apple, good outside and bad in. He is void of all conscience; saintly to your face, devilish behind your back; your best friend to-day, your worst enemy to-morrow. You can't count on him, for he isn't true. He would feed you with one hand while he is robbing you with the other; his icing sugar is all whitening. He's a mean, contemptible cur; he licks your hands and snaps at your legs the moment your back is turned. There isn't an ounce of respectability in his whole make-up. He's the most loathsome apology of humanity on the face of the earth. If a little pious talk will land a customer, he is right on the job, but it takes a hypocrite to do it. He joins the church for what he can get out of it; if it will advance his business, and give him a better social standing, it is a paying proposition, and he meets the official board at once. There are some people who refuse to have fellowship with the church because there are so many hypocrites in it. They forget that there will be none of them in Heaven.

Immorality

There is still another that I must mention; it is the sin of immorality. I mean immorality in all its forms—thought, word and deed; and it is prevalent everywhere. Man has taken that which is most sacred and degraded it below the level of the brute. He has committed that which can never be undone; he has robbed woman of her choicest jewel. Mother will forgive, but the memory must still remain; God will pardon, but the wrong can never be made right; virtue has gone and no power can ever bring it back. Home may yet be beautiful; many happy thoughts may come, for love can cover a multitude of sins; but there will be one bitter memory that can never be erased. The "Scarlet Letter" must remain as long as life lasts. If a man should be hanged for robbing a woman of her life, what should be the penalty for robbing her of her virtue? The law provides compensation for breach of promise.

SLANDER

(Continued from page one)

tor knows that the person who slanders another Christian will slander the Christian to whom he slandered the other Christian. The older the editor gets the less patience he has with slander. There is nothing that causes more suffering or more sorrow, and that grieves the Spirit more, than slander.

We Christians have no right even to tell things that are true about other Christians unless it is necessary to protect the cause of Jesus Christ or save some one from being hurt. Nine-tenths of all we hear against Christians the editor has found is without foundation. In fact, most of the rumors are nothing but pure, unadulterated, lying slander. God forgive all of us who have been guilty! The last one of us will have to answer at the Judgment Seat of Jesus Christ. Charity in some ways is a little better word than love. Charity has a tendency to cover up. It does not uncover. We never go around in this world telling bad things on people we love. Envy, jealousy, or hatred is the basis of all slander. God help us to remember that "charity covers a multitude of sins."

but for breach of conduct, how little it gives! God grant that the day may come when the guilty man will be made to suffer as he ought for the atrocity of his lust and passion. Under the law adultery incurred the death penalty by stoning. Oh, man! man! if only you could suffer in the place of her you wronged!

"But," you exclaim, "I am not guilty of adultery!" Wait a moment. "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her," declared Jesus, "hath committed adultery with her already in his heart" (Matt. 5:28). Can you still plead innocent? Dare you look up into God's face and say, "Not guilty!" Remember, my friend, "man looketh on the outward" act, "but the Lord looketh on the heart."

Intemperance

And what of the sin of intemperance? It has been the curse of the world for centuries; the breeding of unknown crime. Poverty, sickness, immorality, and vices of every description lie at its door. Oh, the broken homes! the thrice broken hearts! What suffering it has brought to the human race! How many thousands of women have testified that it has been the one great sorrow of married life—husband, a drunkard! If I had a daughter, I would rather bury her with my own hands than have her marry a man who drinks. No drunkards shall inherit the Kingdom of God (I Cor. 6:10). And remember, the man who sells it, the man who makes drunkards, "hath the greater sin."

Dope

Most pitiful of all men is the dope fiend. No life is so hopeless, for humanly speaking there is no deliverance. Moreover the man who takes dope is capable of anything. He will steal and even kill to get the deadly drug. His sense of right and wrong is gone. False conception of morality control his actions. He can easily persuade himself that sin is not sin and that wrong is right. Hence, both body and soul are doomed. Wild are his ravings and terrible his sufferings when he cannot get the drug. Dope he wants and dope he must have. His resistance is beaten down, his will power gone, so that henceforth he drifts with the stream. All vows, pledges and resolution are quickly broken, for, in spite of himself, he simply cannot go straight. His world is a world of the most excruciating mental and physical torture, a world utterly unknown and indescribable. "Give me dope or give me death," is his one and only cry. Oh, wretched existence! God help the dope fiend.

Gambling

The gambler is the man who is after easy money. He is too lazy to work and too dishonest to earn his living, so he becomes a professional gambler. He starts with a simple game of cards in the home, but soon the fever gets him and he is headed for destruction. He lives by chance. Luck is his one and only hope. After awhile he attends horse races and lays down heavy wagers. Or he goes to such soul-traps as Monte Carlo and tries his fortune. He always, inevitable loses—finally. For if he wins he gambles again, gambles until he loses all. He can't stop. The fever holds him in a vice-like grip. Sooner or later he is shot or commits suicide. Thus he dies as a fool dies and goes to a gambler's hell.

Murder

Steady now! Read on. This may apply to you. "But," you exclaim, "I am not guilty of murder." Well, perhaps not. Yet I dare not pass by without reminding you of the awful charge made by Isaiah against the children of Israel: "Your hands are defiled with blood," he declares, "and your fingers with iniquity" (Isa. 59:3), the blood of your unborn children and the iniquity of murder. Are yours? Have you taken a life? Look now at your fingers and behold your hands. Do they tremble as you recall with holy horror the awful deed that branded you a child-murderer? Does the command of God now convict you: "Thou shalt not kill?" "But," you cry, "it was only an unborn child, with months to intervene before it could see the light of day!" Yet the only answer is the same stern command: "Thou shall not kill." Have you killed? And are you to face the judgment bar of God,

your hands defiled with blood, charged with the murder of your child? You know and God knows.

Are You Guilty?

Are you not guilty? Will you now confess that you are a sinner? Do none of these things rise up and condemn you? Is not your sin among them? Oh, if it is, I beg you to face it now and get right with God. I point you to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1:29). I tell you that "though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow, though they be red as crimson they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1:18), "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have Everlasting Life" (John 3:16). And I bid you come to him.

O spirit of the Living God! come now and do Thy work. Let Thy voice be lifted up like a trumpet, cry aloud, spare not, and show these people their sins. Hold them up to their view, make them face each transgression until they recoil in terror, and loathe the awful sight: the sins of years, sins long since forgotten. Go to them, deal with them, convince and convict. For, behold, not only against man but against God have they sinned, the great God who made them, "in whose hand" their "breath is, and whose are all" their "way" (Dan. 5:23). Tremble then, O sinner! Yea! cry aloud! for lo, "thou art the man! thou art the woman! thou art the guilty one!"

"One sin deserves a Hell,
A death that ne'er shall die;
Our sins, like sands on ocean's shores,
In millions 'gainst us lie."

Yet, even now, you may be saved, that is, if you are willing, willing to turn from your sin, and forsake it utterly. Are you ready then to leave everything? Will you renounce all for Jesus Christ? You must part with your sins or with your soul. Which then will you do? Will you leave your sins and go to Heaven, or have your sins and go to Hell? Oh, my brother, my sister, hear me! The Lord Jesus Christ can break every fetter; He can snap every chain. I proclaim unto you full and free Salvation, a Salvation from all sin. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (I John 1:7). Do you hunger for it? He can satisfy you. Are you anxious to be delivered? Christ can set you free. What though nine chains have been broken and you are still bound by the tenth, are you yet free? Do you call that deliverance? Nay, my brother! every chain must be snapped, and every fetter broken; the last sin must go. And no one but Jesus Christ can deliver you. Well may you exclaim with Paul, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But it is also your privilege to continue and say, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 7:24-25). And now with great joy I tell you that I care not what sin may be binding you;—you may even be a slave to all that I have named—Jesus Christ can deliver you. This is God's salvation.

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free.
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me."

But, you say you will and you do take Christ, even now. Ah, but you cannot take Him unless you are willing to forsake your sins; for He will not dwell with iniquity. It must be either Christ or sin. Be willing, then, to turn from the world, renounce your sin, yield to Jesus, rest your all upon Him, let Him be your Sin-Bearer; ask Him to take you, and I promise you, He will; for He is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (II Peter 3:9). "Behold! He calleth thee." Arise, O sinner, and come. Stay not, but cast yourself, poor, guilty, lost and undone, at His feet, for "He will have mercy, and abundantly pardon" (Isa. 55:7).

(This sermon from the book, THE LORD IS CALLING, by Dr. Oswald J. Smith; published by Marshall, Morgan and Scott, Ltd., England. On sale at the Sword Book Room for 50c.)

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